UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Indians Barred from American Citizenship

By SUDHINDRA BOSE

Items from a Traveler's Note-book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Sunday in Berlin

By SYDNEY STRONG

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCI THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1923 NUMBER 8

COURAGE.

'Tis the front toward life that matters most—
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true;

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the gods,
Seems in itself worth while!

—*Florence Earle Coates in The Outlook.*

It is difficult for us to express the degree of satisfaction which we feel over the action of the Harvard Overseers in reversing the policy of President Lowell on both the Jewish and the Negro issues. As regards the admission of Jews to the college, the Board voted *unanimously* to "maintain the traditional policy of freedom from discrimination on grounds of race or religion." As regards the admission of Negroes to the Freshmen dormitories, the conclusion of the Board was that "men of the white and Negro races shall not be compelled to live and eat together, nor shall any man be excluded by reason of his race." This decision on the Negro issue is the one that has seemed obvious to us from the beginning—that Negroes shall be admitted to the dormitories on absolutely equal terms with everybody else, but that if some lily-white youth simply can't stand the strain, he be allowed to go elsewhere, and coddle his sense of racial exclusiveness in isolation. A neater, more thorough-going repudiation of a president by his trustees, we have never seen! Our only regret is that the Overseers did not complete their righteous work by asking for the resignation of A. Lawrence Lowell from the high office which he has dishonored. A bank president absconding with the funds of his institution, a captain scuttling his ship, do nothing more reprehensible, morally speaking, than Mr. Lowell did, when he deliberately betrayed the great traditions of Fair Harvard, committed to his care, to the base uses of race and religious prejudice. If this scion of the Boston Back Bay had an atom of self-respect, he would resign. But no such good luck is to be expected. Men of this type do not resign; they go right on holding the office which magnifies them, and using this office to serve the petty interests which they are alone capable of understanding. Incidentally it is not difficult to see why President Lowell went abroad. "He who gets slapped" can take the blow more gracefully in Europe than at home.

There has just come to us an invitation, signed by forty-five members of the First Church in Cambridge, Mass., Unitarian, to join the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association. Among the signers are Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, Francis G. Peabody and Dr. S. M. Crothers. Any appeal containing the names of these honored men will always carry great weight with all thoughtful people in America. It would be idle to question the honesty and sincerity of such advocates of the League. But it is to be remembered that many men and women of America and Europe, just as learned and just as sincere, most radically differ with these advocates of the advisability of the United States joining the League. UNITY has set forth again and again the reason for its opposition. In a recent issue we emphasized certain fundamental moral objections. These need not be repeated here. But it is well to remember that the League has functioned thus far, to the extent that it has functioned at all, to support the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles which all well-informed folk in Europe as well as America compare to a millstone attached to the neck of a drowning man. "The Treaty must go," is the slogan of the English League for Democratic Control. The leaders of democracy in England know that the Treaty is a treaty for war; and that the League has only one function, and that is to support the Treaty. The fact that the Covenant provides that one dissenting nation can prevent action on any vital issue is evidence in itself that the League was never really intended to function as a league. It is in fact a league of "representatives" of foreign offices, established to help preserve the crazy quilt of impossible political decisions that the Treaty forced upon Europe. For America to join such a league, and to give its adherence to such a policy, seems to us utterly impossible. What the world needs is not a league that gives its approval to war, but a league that has for its purpose the outlawry of war. So to Senator Borah and his plan to outlaw war, and not to this imperialistic machine designed to secure the fruits of victory to the conquerors, we give our support. Of course, the League may be rebuilt on the basis of some such drastic plan as this. Lord Robert Cecil seems to be hinting at something of the sort. In that case, however, the League is the League no longer, and a new chapter of history begins.

The Fascist ruler in Italy, Mussolini, is premier—and Mazzini sleeps, sleeps in his tomb at Genoa! Vesuvius sleeps, and below lie the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Some day the mountain may break forth again and pour its wrath upon the countryside and city. Then we shall know what mighty power is hidden in the depths of the earth. So some day may Mazzini, who sleeps his sleep under the soil of his beloved Italy, awake and all the world know the mighty power that lies within an idea. Then a light may shine that will turn the eyes of all men to Rome. Not to the old Rome of the Caesars and the Popes but to the new Rome aflame and inspired with the faith of its one undefeated prophet. What a far cry from Mussolini, armed with bombs, machine guns and a passion for conquest, to Mazzini, revealer of God and prophet of Humanity, armed only with the sword of the spirit and the breastplate of love! It is true that Mazzini fought against the oppressors of humanity. But he knew that Italy could only be saved by love. The Italy of which he dreamed and for which he gave his life was a country bound together by the passion of a great ideal. For this he fought against the Machiavellian ministers and diplomats of his day. Against all the tyrannies of Europe he raised his banner on which were inscribed the words, "God and the People." He was feared by every cabinet in Europe more than an army. The king whom he disowned sought his aid, and even Bismarck trusted his word that Italy should go to the assistance of the Little Napoleon. Mazzini made it possible for Garibaldi to fly to Sicily and win undying fame. It was in the name of religion, the religion of humanity, that Mazzini called forth the dead Italy from its tomb. And now Mazzini lies dead in his tomb in the city of his birth. All that he held as sacred is trampled upon by the iron heels of the Fascisti. Duty, Love, God, Humanity and the Ideal, the voice of the Eternal that he declared was essential to the life of the people, are forgotten, and Italy is enslaved anew by her own sons. But the spirit of Mazzini can never die. He who created Italy lives in hearts that no tyranny can ever break. He who affirmed that Love is the power of God in human souls, that Life is a mission and that mission is to reveal God, that nationality has no meaning except as it serves mankind, that humanity is sacred and is the prophet of God, shall burst forth again from his troubled sleep. Vesuvius ever muttering its solemn warnings, presents always its threat of death. But Mazzini when he returns with his radiant spirit aflame with love, will bring to his beloved Italy the promise of life. The poor peasants whom "The Chief" loved and whose hard lot brought tears of compassion to their eyes—will find in those, who are suffused with his passion for humanity, their redeemers. When that day comes, "Italia shall be free."

We are not of those who find any mysterious significance in the death of Lord Carnarvon. The idea of his dying as a result of evil spirits acting in revenge for his profanation of the Pharaoh's tomb, or of secret poisons hidden away in the sepulchre to punish grave robbers, seems to us of importance only as an interesting illustration of the survival of superstition in men's minds, and as a fascinating commentary on the old question of the origin of legends of the miraculous and horrible. Never ask again how such beliefs could be! Here is an instance, right in our modern world, of how these preposterous ideas get going. The death of Carnarvon, we have no doubt, is believed by millions this day to be an act of God; and so it will be interpreted for generations to come, until at last it takes its place among the myths of history. If this event, however, has no mystic significance, it has a very definite and appealing human significance. We don't know when anything has struck us as more pathetic than the death of this English nobleman when he had caught hardly a glimpse of his marvellous discovery, and as a direct consequence of the explorations which his money and enthusiasm had alone made possible. It is a perfect example of what we have learned to call "the irony of fate." Lord Carnarvon's fame, however, is secure; it will be forever associated with the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen as the name of Lord Elgin with the Parthenon marbles. It is a satisfaction to know that the work of excavation will go on without interruption as a result of the English nobleman's tragic and untimely death. In memory of his devotion to the cause of scientific research, if nothing more, every effort should be made to push the undertaking through to its instructive and fascinating end.

The *American Magazine* boasts that it has a circulation of 1,900,000 readers. This doesn't quite include everybody, so we suppose there may be some of our subscribers who have not seen Mr. Wells's article naming the ten most important books ever written, and who will be glad therefore if we pass on his answer to this fascinating question. We have already confessed in these columns that we always find such speculations simply irresistible. We don't care whether it is great men, or great books, or great anything else! Give us an attempt to list the greatest, and we are in clover. Mr. Wells's answer to the inquiry, as might be expected, is his own, and hence original. He makes plain that he is dealing not with literature, or books to be read, but with history, or books that have changed men's minds, stirred their hearts, started and maintained vast civilizations, transformed the face of the world. He first names "Isaiah" as a star in the cluster of Old Testament books, and "Mark" as a similar star in the New Testament. Then he names Confucius's "Book of Learning" as the heart of the oldest civilization among men. Then, from the wonders of classic

Greece, he selects Plato's "Republic," for which he has a contagious enthusiasm, and one of the epoch-making scientific treatises of Aristotle. The "Koran," unreadable as it is, comes next. This is followed by Marco Polo's story of his travels, which sent Vasco de Gama east and Christopher Columbus west. Copernicus's immortal work on the stars, and Bacon's "New Atlantis." Last on the list, of course, is Darwin's "Origin of Species." Books over which Mr. Wells hesitates are Paul's letters to Corinth, Newton's "Principia," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and Karl Marx's *"Das Kapital."* Mr. Wells's comments on his selections are as interesting as the selections themselves. We advise our readers to give this article their attention.

We never have been an alarmist about the decay of humanity, even with the spectacle of stricken Europe before us. The human race has gone through great trials in the past. It has been swept by decimating pestilences again and again. Civilizations have been blotted out by vast hordes of barbarians who have destroyed in a day the results of centuries of effort. But we must recognize that the day of disasters to humanity has not past. The great war destroyed more lives than did Attila's host. The influenza of 1918 probably cost the world as many lives as most of the plagues that visited the world in ancient times. But the most serious catastrophes are those which creep on us unawares. Is it true that the minds of men are breaking under the stress of the complexities and pressures of modern life? Is there slowly growing up among us a vast population that cannot accommodate itself to the pace set by our industrial system. The ancient plague, the black death, may never again stalk across the land. We may meet the influenza in such force that it cannot sweep the world. We are comparatively alert to these dangers. We know that they are in the offing. But few are aware of the insidious threat of mental disease. It is dangerous because its origin is not in some distant swamp or congested quarter of an Oriental city but in the heart of our civilization and apparently arising from the very nature of our social organization. It is not an alien foe but a part of the kind of life we have developed for ourselves and which will be the inheritance of our children. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts there are 17 hospitals for the care of the mentally sick. On November 1st last there were 20,663 insane and feeble-minded in the care of these institutions. A few years ago it was reported that there were some 14,000 feeble-minded in the Commonwealth and of these less than 2,000 in institutions. Undoubtedly there are many insane not in the care of the state or private institutions. Counting only those in institutions, out of every 248 persons in Massachusetts, one is in a hospital for the mentally sick. How many of these are receiving treatment under the euphonious name of shell shock, we do not know. Certain it is that mental break-down due to the war is much greater than was anticipated, at least by the general public. But making allowance for all this, the situation in Massachusetts is serious enough to warrant our support of every effort to prevent mental illness. Massachusetts is one of our most highly developed industrial communities. If mental sickness is one of the concomitants of industrialism, other communities cannot hope to escape its devastating effects. Now is the time to devote our attention to Mental Hygiene. And is it not even more important to turn our attention to the conditions which make it necessary for us to combat this evil? It may be that the solution is not in teaching people how to live in the kind of civilization we have but rather to change the character of our social order. It may be that complexities and pressures of our highly organized life are not worth the cost. We may have to simplify life in order to save it.

A fortnight or so ago, we raised the question in these columns as to what the radio is going to do to the churches, and suggested some dubious prospects of the people staying at home to listen in at central preaching stations, and the churches as churches in village and town going out of business. Whether this is a correct forecast or not, we haven't the slightest idea. But here is a bit of evidence which seems to suggest that it is not wholly impossible. In Schenectady, we are told in the New York *Sun,* the radio management has co-operated closely with the Ministerial Association from the beginning, and regularly each Sunday church services are broadcasted. The ministers, we are informed, are delighted. "At once the participating clergymen began to receive letters of appreciation, telephone calls and words of gratitude from members of their congregation or acquaintances whom they met in the city." Then comes the statement that "a large number of those listening in are aged and shut in; some partly deaf, others blind, still others helpless cripples, . . . mothers with little children, . . . people who have not gone to church for years." All this last is fine; here is where the radio is a mighty agency for the indefinite extension of the influences of the church. But what about those "members" and "acquaintances" who were heard from over the telephone or met upon the street? *Why were they not at church?* Do they not suggest what is the crucial question here—that people, who otherwise would go to church, may now stay home and "listen in" to their own minister, or to some other more famous minister speaking from afar? May we confess that we are interested in this problem almost to the point of obsession? We want to know the facts, and will be grateful to anybody who will send them in.

Jottings

A certain committee for recruiting the ministry is distributing tributes to the worth of the profession by men who have deliberately chosen some other calling. This sounds to us like the lovely talk about the glory of dying for one's country by men who sit at home and warm their shins by the club-house fire.

When Lord Robert Cecil said, in his opening speech in New York, that the Washington Conference had indeed laid down certain rules for the restriction of the use of submarines in war, but that there was little likelihood that these would be respected, he confessed what everybody knows to be true. Then why go through the futile motions of such an arms conference, blindly trying to deceive ourselves into believing that we have accomplished something? Why not have done with these inane rules and restrictions, and strike at war itself?

UNITY is apparently not the only paper which finds these amazing church statistics, showing memberships in the scores of millions and gains in the hundreds of thousands, a bit hard to swallow. Here is the comment of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* on the latest batch of figures:

> Statistics are said to prove that the United States is growing more religious; and we suppose that other statistics could prove that it is growing more irreligious. The fact is, it is growing.

We have just been reading the church advertisements in the Saturday newspapers of a great city in the middle West. What is more terrible?—the intellectual deadness of the ministers as revealed by their sermon subjects, or the vulgarity of these same ministers as revealed by their cheap vaudevillian devices to get people into church?

The Foster jury returned no verdict, by a vote of 6 to 6! The Herrin jury returned an acquittal for all the defendants in the so-called "massacre" cases! A few more events like these, and our 100 per cent American friends will at last be persuaded that they do these things better in Soviet Russia!

General Charles G. Dawes, of "Hell and Maria" fame, in his new book, "The First Year of the Budget of the United States," says of President Harding that he is "without fear, (has) a purpose only to do the right, (is) possessed of clearness both of vision and statement, and (has) a nature singularly sympathetic." Applying these qualities to the President in his relation to the political offenders in Leavenworth Prison, we are left only to wonder and marvel!

Rev. W. E. J. Gratz, of Chicago, in an address before an Epworth League meeting on April 7th last, declared that the trouble with the nation is that "in Washington there are so many old-timers that nothing is done. There are too many bald-heads," he continued, "who have been over-due in heaven or somewhere else for a long time." In the same newspaper containing this report, we read that Dr. Crile, of Cleveland, has found out how to raise the dead, provided they are not too dead, with adrenalin injections. O, how discouraging!

Miss Shiela Kaye-Smith declares that the six immortals among present-day novelists in England are Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. Amen to all but Conrad! We can think of a dozen novelists whom we would name ahead of him. What is the matter with George Moore, for example, or Maurice Hewlett, or even Conan Doyle and Hall Caine?

J. H. H.

A Sunday in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence.

How I spent a part of today may not be of much account in the totality of things, though one's thoughts and observations during a Sunday in Berlin may be of interest. I was alone on account of losing directions. I had agreed to meet Dr. A. Reichwein, of the Adult Education Department at 11:30, at Dahlem, for a walk in Grunewald. We missed connections. I was sorry, for I was without a comrade, lost an opportunity to quiz him about Adult Education, and was thrown in upon my own thoughts—which is sometimes a frightful though educational experience.

Fortifying myself with a cup of coffee (Mocha) and delicious coffee cake—in an adjacent hotel—which cost me about 3 cents, which fact is mentioned to illustrate the economic condition in Germany—I started down Konigen Luise for Grunewald. It was a glorious day of sunshine, quite in contrast with last Sunday, when the trees of the Thiergarten were beautifully decorated with snow. The walk through the woods and along the lakes and back again into the city along Bismarck Allee, past Hubertus See, took me three or four hours.

One is impressed by the resources of this wonderful city for recreation, also by the substantial and thorough way with which residences, churches and institutions are constructed. Did I not know that hundreds of thousands of people in Berlin are sitting today in the shadow of impending hunger and calamity, I should feel that I had been walking in the midst of great prosperity. Of course, where I went today,

would bring me in touch with the most prosperous; and then what I saw was all created before the war, when Germany was close to the van in the race for wealth and culture.

I do not know if I have in public paid my respects to the dogs of Berlin. When I was a quarter of a mile from Grunewald (a great park) I heard the baying and yelping of many dogs. I went to see what was going on. It was nothing special: only the assembling of 20 or 30 dogs with their masters (or mistresses) fastened to them by chains or ropes, who were greeting each other *"Guten Morgen."* Possessing a dog is certainly a German weakness. I have seen more dogs in Constantinople and in a western American town, but I never saw dogs—big dogs, gaily attired—put on pedestals as in Berlin. One cyclist had prepared a feather bed for his dog, in front of him. Not infrequently, I saw a husband and wife, each led by a dog, going in pairs, as it were. I have nothing against dogs, but I shouldn't put them in the front parlor. (Later: I learn that dogs are kept on account of robbers.) They are the one nuisance in Berlin's broad avenues: which otherwise are clean and sanitary. So much for dogs! Germans are also given to flourishing canes as they walk. This is an innocent exercise, but canes, ever since I was a Sophomore in college, impressed me as being about as useless as swords.

Are Germans social beings? I should say they were intensely social when acquainted: also very courteous, when asked a reasonable question. They do not possess, as Americans, what may be called neighborhood sociability. I walked for two hours through Grunewald, met hundreds of people, old and young, and received not a single recognition of my presence. Only once, and that was when I spread my arms—à la one of Curtiss' Indians—as a kind of sun-worshipper to draw down the sunshine. Then several looked at me, seemingly startled as though they did not know what I might do next. I thought one or two edged away from me. Germans cannot be outdone in sociability when the contacts are properly made—but on street cars, trams and omnibuses, in restaurants, there is little or no sociability—such as one finds in a Western American train or town. What I have stated, however, is more true in Britain: yet in Russia or in the Orient, one will find public sociability.

I saw a number of lads running in their gymnasium suits, much as one sees it with an Association or Scout boys. I am still puzzled in trying to determine whether the Youth movement in Germany has any elements that one would not find in a little junior "Y" crowd, in America. I have seen no break with conventions here in Germany, on the part of the youths of Germany, that I cannot duplicate in some "Y" groups I know in America. Which leads me to say, that perhaps the youth of Germany has gone farther in setting up colonies, where they live simply, close to nature and engage—part time at least—in manufacturing articles of hammered brass or carved wood. As I write I have before me a copper plate filled with little trays and ornaments, that a long-haired youth, with Fountleroy collar, yesterday brought into the welfare office, where I was sitting, to dispose of. I took his whole "catch," for about 50,000 marks ($2.50). I expect to dispose of them to my acquaintances, at advanced prices, and turn in at least the profits.

My walk through Grunewald brought me back into that part of the city where are many magnificent houses. I confess that—with my "proletarian" experience in Russia, an experience which by bringing out a contrast with a failing civilization in Europe seems valuable—my reactions were not pleasant. In fact, I had several emotional storms as I walked along Bismarck Allee. I recalled one of Jane Addams' observations when she was a girl, that of some people living in "Big Houses." I was among the Big Houses, that looked so comfortable, that fairly bristled with privilege. I stood upon the bridge overlooking Hubertus See and looked down upon rows of magnificent palaces. I was musing as to whether they were "private" or "public." I asked someone coming up, and he said, "Private—they are the property of the Mendelssohns, brothers and bankers." I could not help feeling that I was looking upon one of the causes of Germany's sickness. The "Big House" idea must be rooted out. This is what is the matter with Germany yet, as with England and America. They have got to go, without violence, I hope; but if not, men living there will be compelled to share with their fellow men. It may be necessary for things here to get worse before getting better, and millions will suffer. But privileged classes—which spell big houses, big cathedrals, poverty, disease, war—will not be permitted to survive.

My passing acquaintance took me for an Englishman—not an American. He meant to be complimentary, as he said I "spoke English so well." "Yes," I said, "but there are 100 millions of Americans who speak English!" "Yes, I know the people in Boston speak most excellent English." When I told him that a large number of Bostonians were Irish, and that the best English was spoken in Dublin, he looked startled. When he asked what was my profession, "A doctor?" I said, "No—a clergyman, but since seeing more of the effects of the war, I am heartily ashamed of it." He laughed and said he was a lawyer, which was about as bad. And we agreed that the "privileged classes" would have to walk the plank. We separated—he showing great friendliness, introducing his bright-eyed 8-year-old granddaughter, who bobbed and smiled, and I went on my way knowing for a certainty that all people were waiting for the dawning of a day of equality, righteousness and peace.

Now as to some reflections that coursed through my mind as I strolled through wood and street. I assure you, I had before me, the most of the time, the conditions of the world. What is the matter with Germany? With France? What is the remedy? I went over a discussion I had the night before with a thoughtful American lawyer, who is "seeking for the light," and is convinced that all efforts for relief or fellowship—among students and children, necessary as they are—are palliations: that everyone must be taught to see that the cause back of our trouble is the capitalist system. He said, that the advance of the French into the Ruhr is highway robbery; yet, if Germany had won, it was probably in the minds of certain German industrialists to possess the ore deposits of France. He assured me that the opinion of the vast majority of American university teachers, on economic conditions, is worthless. They simply cannot see things in their right proportions. If they visited Russia, they could not interpret the revolution that has broken there.

I also went over a discussion—out there in Grunewald—a long discussion held in the Schloss Tower with a group of active young minds, as to what should be one's authority in the present situation—and always. There I held that people must be taught to

make conscience the supreme authority—above state, church and home. Others held that the individual must obey the community's call. Some thought that German and American psychology differed. I cannot see how there can be fundamentally a German psychology and an American psychology—any more than a German and American astronomy. However, as I thought it all over again—looking on the beautiful lake of the Grunewald—there came to me the clear conviction that the only hope in the present situation—as in the beginning of the Christian era—is the creation of a society of human beings who would live and die with such principles as are revealed in the Sermon on the Mount, and who would put the authority of their consciences—educated in an atmosphere of love and social intelligence—above the authority of state, church and home. There must be produced young men and women who will not be led into war by the call of community, as expressed by the voice of the state, church or home. They must be taught to respond—and in final issues, to respond only to the voice within their own souls. There must be more Gandhis—many more. If they cannot be produced, then the world will have to wait for salvation, until they can be produced.

One more thing I reflected over: it was the opportunity the Quakers have in Germany! I would not be misunderstood. They are the best "religious" people in the world today. While Catholics and Lutherans and Anglicans and other Protestants lost the confidence of Christendom(?) because of the sanction given to the war, because of the pagan nationalism preached, and still being preached, the Quakers entered all countries with loving service. They are a very small people—but my lawyer acquaintance on the bridge over Hubertus See spoke the fact when he said, "The Quakers are known all over Germany for their kind deeds." The Quakers have a great chance. They are the only religious body, so far as I can find, that have any chance at all. The others have not even repented of their sins.

Now, I have been studying the Quakers here with the greatest sympathy. I am indebted to them in many ways. I have not been "spying" but I have been "seeking" for their light. The American and British Quakers are no longer handling relief in Germany—unless some emergency should spring up on account of the Ruhr invasion. They did handle relief, but the organization was turned over to the citizens of Germany; although many of the present workers were trained in the former Quaker administration.

There are, however, a few "Quaker" groups in Germany growing out of the influence of the relief work and the observation of the vital principles of the Quakers at work. There are also some British and American Quakers in Germany who are unobtrusively doing "message" work for small groups, on invitation. They are not engaged on what in America would be classed as a campaign. They desire to be used only when invited by Germans who desire to have Quaker principles explained.

It seems to me that Quakerism has a tremendous chance in Germany—perhaps in all Europe. I am asking myself (sympathetically, for while my forefathers were New England Puritans, I believe the Quakers were much closer to the truth) whether they have the power to put it over. They have a good reputation in Germany. They possess, in my judgment, the principles—authority of conscience, the method of non-violence, love—without which there can be no social salvation. There is just one place where I question—not as an adversary, but as a friend: Are *they free from the bondage of privilege,* of vested interests, of the competitive, capitalist system—so that they can offer a way out. Can they and do they point to *the cause* of war? Are they opposed to war enough, to point out that the cause may be, in part, found in "Big Houses"? Do they recognize that the principles and spirit of Jesus—as shown in the Gospel—led logically and inevitably to communism?

The Quakers carry the "Ark of the Lord." I am asking that they be shed of all bourgeois ideas of education: may be free from the joy of privilege. I confess that I am disturbed when I know that some of the Quakers of America were "with the President" in the war, that one of the worst of our war cabinet was a Quaker who is still in "the fold." I am disturbed at the remark that in Philadelphia "when Quakers do not marry Episcopalians, Episcopalians marry Quakers"—for of all churches in America, the Episcopal church is the church of privilege, of capitalism.

George Fox saw clearly the principles that the world needs today—Tolstoy saw them. The Quakers possess them and because of them, their light shines over the battlefield of Europe. But the Quakers, with these inheritances of their principles, find themselves part of a system of capitalism, that is causing the wars they oppose. Are they strong, intelligent and good enough to free themselves of their economic entanglements—and so win the minds and hearts of mankind? I am sincerely praying that they will not fail.

Berlin, Germany. SYDNEY STRONG.

Items from a Travelers' Note-book

Harrisburg (Pa.) is a conservative town. You see it in the quaint old houses and in the big orthodox churches; you feel it in the atmosphere of old families, tory politics and evangelical religion. There is a lively group of radicals in the place, however, doing their utmost to vaccinate the community against the fatal disease of dry-rot. These people—or at least a good many of them!—"found" themselves during the war, when they suffered mightily and sometimes dangerously for the pacifist faith that was within them. Now they read the New York *Call,* the *Nation,* the *Freeman,* and UNITY, scatter abroad the literature of post-war disillusionment and truth-telling, and last year started a public forum as a new and revolutionary institution in the city's history.

The "way" of this forum is "hard," though it is no "transgressor" against anything but the stupidities, ignorances and superstitions of an essentially in-growing community. The first year support was limited, and audiences were small; to get the attendants to ask questions or initiate discussion was almost impossible. This year audiences are somewhat larger, and public interest a bit keener. But publicity is hard to get, the churches offer the poorest kind of co-operation, and speakers are regarded with frank suspicion. Strange, that the capital city of the second largest state in the

Union should thus respond to the most typically American institution that we have! And yet—is it strange?

It was to address this forum that I came to Harrisburg on April 2, and was most graciously entertained by its founder and leading spirit, Mrs. M. P. Froelich, a devoted member, by the way, of the Community Church of New York. At dinner at her home I had the pleasure of renewing old friendship with Mrs. Helen R. Martin, author of "Erstwhile Susan," "Tillie the Mennonite Maid," and her most recent book, now being so widely read, "The Church on the Avenue." The forum meeting, held in the Public Library, gave me a small, but most attentive and sympathetic audience, which listened to an inordinately long talk on "Russia as I Saw It in 1922."

A night's ride on the sleeper brought me to Erie, where I was the guest of the West 8th Street Jewish Temple, for a public address under the auspices of the Men's Club in the evening. A heavy cold inside and a heavy rain outside combined in a conspiracy to hold me fast to my hotel, where I spent most of the day in bed, reading and snoozing. At 6:30 P. M. I was taken to the synagogue, and sat down with the members of the Club to my first Passover meal. The unleavened bread made no "hit" with me at all, but the rest of the dinner was as fine as could be desired. A brief talk to the Club was followed by the scheduled public address on "Europe—Whither Bound?"—held in the auditorium of the synagogue proper. A good attendance bade defiance to the weather, and included not a few of my old associates, the Unitarians.

On Wednesday I started in a rainstorm for Wheeling, West Virginia, via Pittsburgh. The ride from Pittsburgh on was through the horror of the vast coal and steel area of that part of the country. Here is our capitalistic civilization at its very worst—more ghastly even than the slums of a great city, for here are mountains, valleys, rivers, open country, everywhere conditions for idyllic living, and all blasted as though by the visitation of Satan. The hillsides black and bare, dotted with the unsightly coal-breakers, occasional oil-wells, and the unbroken miles of coal-cars; here and there vast steel-works and glass foundries, throwing forth great shafts of flame as from the pits of hell; the air laden with smoke and soot, blotting out forever the sun and all the fair blue sky; the river turgid and foul, the off-scourings of man's industry displacing the sweet streams that once leaped and shouted on the hills! Worst of all, the mining villages! —is there anything more hideous on earth? The rows of drab and dirty houses, each like a soiled dry-goods box—with the inevitable out-houses bearing mute witness to the absence of all sanitation; the sodden piles of debris, tin-cans, refuse of every description; the black and muddy streets, with not a tree or blade of grass, and, all about, the miners with their begrimed faces and curious little lantern-caps, their slatternly women, and dirty children! I thought, as my train sped through this dreadful countryside, of a certain school I know, which has great trees, lovely, wide-spreading lawns, an athletic field, a gymnasium and swimming-pool, palatial buildings, quiet, leisure, and beauty everywhere—all for a hundred boys, paid for by money drawn from just such mines as these. I thought again, as I saw these miners and their families, of the idle men and foolish women spending their winter season at Palm Beach, as pictured so delightfully in the Sunday supplements, many of them on money earned by these same blackened toilers of the ground. Justice! talk about justice!! There is no such thing, so long as there is no exact relationship between labor and income. What can bring compensation to a man for being doomed to be a miner? Nothing but the full enjoyment of the fruits of his toil, the wealth which he himself produces!

At Wheeling I was received by Rabbi Iola, under the auspices of whose synagogue I was announced to speak, by Harry C. Taylor, minister of the local Unitarian church, and by a thunder-storm with crashing down-pour of rain. The wet continued through the evening, but an audience that comfortably filled the main floor of the synagogue gathered to hear my talk on Europe. The city of Wheeling is in thought and character exactly what might be imagined from its location. It is rich, with heavy bank-clearings, much narrowly concentrated prosperity, a fine hotel, and a host of hard-shell churches. Liberal movements have hard sledding. Rabbi Iola and Mr. Taylor are shut out of the ministerial association, and thus flock by themselves. I heard of one resident member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. I met after the lecture a little group of three or four people who constituted the whole strength of the local representation of the Civil Liberties Union. A few days previous a laborer had been arrested for distributing literature of the Workers Party, and was awaiting trial under the state criminal syndicalist act. And this is America, which refuses to recognize Russia because of her barbarities. O, what a farce!

A night train to Cincinnati and a local to Louisville, brought me to this Kentucky city where I was scheduled to speak under the auspices of the Public Forum, recently organized by the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Council of Jewish Women, a Jewish Temple, and the Unitarian Church. Rain accompanied me all the way on this lap of the journey, but changed to drizzling dampness and dark overhanging clouds on my arrival at my destination. Here is another conservative town, just preparing, by the way, for a grand six weeks' Bill Sunday Revival during the latter part of April and the month of May. The Forum, now holding its third meeting, struck me as a much healthier movement for the public good. It is certainly started right, so far as tolerance and goodwill are concerned; my correspondence was with the Jewish secretary of the Y. M. H. A., I was received by the local Unitarian minister, and I was introduced to the audience by Ex-Lieut. Governor McDermott, a Roman Catholic. The audience numbered some seven or eight hundred people, and showed a remarkable facility for asking interesting and pertinent questions.

My next and farthest-west stop was St. Louis where I remained three days. The all-day railroad journey was a delight, speeding through the fat farm lands of southern Indiana. The sun was bright and the air balmy, the ground was getting its first rich tinge of green, and the trees their earliest buds; the stock was being turned out into the open, and horses were rolling ecstatically in the turf, cows racing awkwardly but joyfully over the fields, and even the pigs lifting their snouts heavenward to sniff the atmosphere. Ploughing, that noblest sight of earth, had not begun—although I saw one man in the distance, with a team of horses hitched to some kind of a machine, driving across the upland. As my train raced through the towns and by the farm-houses, there seemed to be a kind of reposeful quietude over everything. Women were standing idly in the doorways; men were sitting

on steps or walls, or clustered in motionless groups in the stores and streets; even the little children seemed inert. What the animals were sensing so acutely had apparently not yet seized upon man. The humans were feeling the Spring as the sleeper feels the morning when he has just awakened, and is too drowsy to stretch or stir a limb. The plough must do its work, and men smell the fresh-turned soil, before they can shake off the winter torpor, and be alive again.

St. Louis was, in more ways than one, the climax of this trip. In two days, Sunday and Monday, April 8th and 9th, I made five addresses. The first was delivered at the regular Sunday morning service of the Ethical Society; the second, at a meeting of the St. Louis Community Forum at the Sheldon Memorial in the evening. On Monday I spoke at a noon luncheon of the City Club, at an afternoon meeting of the Council of the Jewish Women in Temple Israel, and at an informal gathering of some thirty men and women at dinner in the evening.

It was a particular delight in St. Louis to meet old friends and make new ones. During my visit I was the guest of Percival Chubb, the leader of the Ethical Society, a man of great culture and charm, radical in opinion and leadership since his early days with the Fabians in England, an outstanding influence for freedom, justice and enlightenment. Here also I saw Dr. Dodson, the scholarly minister of Unity Church (Unitarian), my old friend and college-mate Rabbi Samuel Thurman of the United Hebrew Temple, Gustavus Tuckerman, secretary of the City Club, and other social workers and public leaders of note. It was an especial delight to run across Mrs. Ella Reeve Bloor, beloved friend and member of the Community Church of New York, now under indictment at St. Joseph, Michigan, for her part in the Communist convention raided by the government last summer. In a talk with her at the hotel, I heard much of the trial of William Z. Foster, and more of Soviet Russia where Mrs. Bloor has been on two long visits during the past two years. It was good to come into contact again with the marvellous energy and consecration of this valiant woman. Over seventy years of age, a mother and grandmother, living constantly in hotels and trains, all for the better day that is to come!

An unbroken ride from St. Louis to New York brought me home on Wednesday, April 11th, deeply touched by the goodwill of many people, profoundly impressed by the untiring struggle of little groups of undaunted liberals and radicals in all parts of the country for the things which in America should count the most as they do count the least, still more impressed by the loneliness and difficulty of this struggle in the face of opposition as hard as adamant. The conservatism of opinion, the shallowness of understanding, the indifference to idealism in this country, is something terrible to see. The task before progressive reform is a prodigious one. God bless those whom I find everywhere — courageous, independent, cheerful, laboring without weariness or respite for the coming of that day which they well know they themselves may never see, but which they also know must sometime come to men!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Periscope

Not many weeks ago Chicago lovers of drama had the privilege of seeing Mrs. Fiske in a great play—"The Dice of the Gods." I use the word "great" after having given respectful consideration to the contrary opinions maintained by certain dramatic critics, and after due cognizance of the forced withdrawal of the production because of empty seats. "The Dice of the Gods" is, for one who delights in subtle character plays, a gripping tragedy. It is based on an abnormal psychic complex through which true nobility, by one all-sacrificing act, conquers over the shackles of an uncontrollable habit. Those who are familiar with the drama as interpreted by this noted actress will grant the superb art and the nobility of character portrayed in that carefully draped figure who so simply, serenely, calmly chooses death in order that another may more fully live; chooses death saying in soliloquy so stoically, so unaffectedly, so heroically,

Henry, perhaps some day the mists will lift. I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Today there is being presented in Chicago another great play—"Loyalties." The merit of this carefully constructed drama from the pen of John Galsworthy is undisputed, and its theme, although having nothing in common with that of "The Dice of the Gods" leads in the final scene of the last act to a suicide (off stage) which in the nobility of its motive is not less heroic than that so beautifully acted by Mrs. Fiske during her recent appearance. That admirable climactic gradation as loyalty after loyalty is brought into conflict,

Prejudices, Adela—or are they loyalties?—I don't know—criss-cross—we all cut each other's throats from the best of motives—

reaches its superb culmination in that simple conversational phrase of Captain Dancy, when, having unlocked the door he says, all right, come in now—and then the fatal shot. His suicide represents the acme of loyalty. Charles Winsor was loyal to his guests; General Canynge to his social group; Ferdinand de Levis to his race; Lord St. Erth to his club; Major Colford to his friend; Jacob Twisden to his profession; Mabel to her criminal husband, but as a final climactic touch, as the last and highest and most costly, as the loyalty of loyalties, Galsworthy has shown a man turning resolutely away from freedom, turning from life to death in order that his wife may live, freed from the social stigma which his acts have brought.

Galsworthy has not attempted to solve the problem of these criss-crosses in life. He only portrays them in conflict. Charles Collins' recent criticism on the lack of sufficient motivation back of De Levis's conduct, is, if tenable, but a minor detail. Folks are not logical in their actions. Many acts are the result of inherent impulses, and consequently appear unmotivated. If folks were logical, all their acts governed by reason, their loyalties would be less readily formed and more readily abandoned. As it is we attach ourselves to customs and institutions; to races, creeds, social cliques, professions, laws, and individuals, and when, in our effort to remain faithful to all these interests, we find ourselves cutting "each other's throats from the best of motives," we—well, we just choose between throats. And most of us are not as self-sacrificing, as noble in our selection as the morphine victim in "The Dice of the Gods," or Captain Ronald Dancy in "Loyalties."

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Indians Barred from American Citizenship

[The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States denying citizenship to natives of India, to which Dr. Bose of the department of Political Science of Iowa State University calls attention in this issue, cannot be but a matter for regret to every reader of UNITY. Grave injustice is done by this decision to the Indians who have long been in this country. It is true that they are few in number but they came here and cast in their lot with us in good faith. Those living in states that forbid alien ownership of land will be the chief sufferers in a financial way. There are others who will suffer even more keenly. They are the ones who hoped to find here a real heaven of refuge. Unable to live in the country of their birth because they dared to speak of freedom and democracy they fled to us. Like exiles from other lands they have taken up their life with us and striven to make a real contribution to the life of America. And now they are men without a country. Here they have been imbued with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. They have with joy undertaken all the obligations of citizenship. To have these duties denied them in the house of those whom they counted their friends means a greater sorrow than that which comes with merely the loss of material property. To these men who came to our shores seeking, as did our ancestors, freedom and opportunity UNITY extends its deepest sympathy and expresses the hope that this injustice may find a remedy in the not distant future.—EDITORS.]

"O Lord, thou hast said that for our sakes thou madest this world. As for the other nations, which also come of Adam, thou hast said that they are nothing, and are like unto spittle."—II Esdras 6:55, 56.

Anybody can take a slap at a nation when it is down and out; but is India necessarily and permanently out just because she is now down?

The most recent slap at India has come from America. The Supreme Court of the United States says that the Hindus of India do not belong to the Caucasian race, and are therefore not entitled to American citizenship.

The Naturalization Act provides that its provisions "shall apply to aliens being free white persons and to aliens of African descent." And the Supreme Court in the case of Takao Ozawa declared last November that the Japanese aliens were ineligible to naturalization because they were not white. As only white and black persons could be naturalized, everything in the Japanese case depended on the meaning of the word white. Who is white? He is, answered the Court, "a person of the Caucasian race." In the decision just handed down in the case of Bhagat Singh Thind, the Supreme Court holds that an Indian is not a Caucasian. The proud descendants of the Aryans of Hindustan are thus placed in the same group with Chinese, Japanese, Korean and other members of the Mongolian race as ineligible for American citizenship.

Mr. Thind was born at Amritsar, Punjab. He is twenty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of the Punjab University, and a former student of the University of California. He landed in America in 1913. When the European war came, he entered the United States army. After six months of active service, he was honorably discharged. Then he applied for naturalization papers. The local judge of Portland in the State of Oregon decided in his favor, and the case was appealed to the Circuit of Appeals, and by them passed on to the United States Supreme Court, which has finally refused to grant him the citizenship.

This epoch-making decision of the Supreme Court, because of the lurid light it casts on the workings of the racial psychology of the West, must needs be studied carefully in India. The Court ruled that the words "white person" must be given the meaning they had in common usage when the Naturalization Act was enacted, and are not to be applied through a scientific study determining whether the person affected descended from white stock. The actual words of the Court are as follows:

"In this country, during the last half century especially, the word by common usage has acquired a popular meaning, not clearly defined to be sure, but sufficiently so to enable us to say that its popular as distinguished from its scientific application is of appreciably narrower scope. It is in the popular sense of the word, therefore, that we employ it as an aid to the construction of the statute, for it would be obviously illogical to convert words of common speech used in a statute into words of scientific terminology when neither the latter nor the science for whose purposes they were coined was within the contemplation of the framers of the statute or of the people for whom it was framed. The words of the statute are to be interpreted in accordance with the understanding of the common man from whose vocabulary they were taken. . . .

"It may be true that the blond Scandinavian and the brown Hindu have a common ancestor in the dim reaches of antiquity, but the average man knows perfectly well that there are unmistakable and profound differences between them today. . . . The question for determination is not, therefore, whether by the speculative processes of ethnological reasoning we may present a probability to the scientific mind that they have the same origin, but whether we can satisfy the common understanding that they are now the same or sufficiently the same to justify the interpreters of a statute—written in the words of common speech, for common understanding, by unscientific men—in classifying them together in the statutory category as white persons."

The judges admitted that the applicant for citizenship "is of high caste Hindu stock, born in Punjab, one of the extreme northwestern districts of India, and classified by certain scientific authorities as of the Caucasian or Aryan race." The terms Aryan and Caucasian when applied to an Eastern people, are however, on the same plane: they are in bad repute. In the year of Christian enlightenment one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, only the white people count. The judges therefore maintained with great insistence that a Hindu is not a "free white person" within the meaning of the naturalization law, saying:

"The words of familiar speech, which were used by the original framers of the law, were intended to include only the type of man whom they knew as white. The immigration of that day was almost exclusively from the British Isles and Northwestern Europe, whence they and their forebears had come. When they extended the privilege of American citizenship to 'any alien being a free white person' it was these immigrants—bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—and their kind whom they must have had affirmatively in mind. The succeeding years brought immigrants from Eastern, Southern and Middle Europe, among them the Slavs and the dark eyed, swarthy people of Alpine and Mediterranean stock, and these were as unquestionably akin to those already here and readily amalgamated with them. It was the descendants of these, and other immigrants of like origin, who constituted the white population of the country when Section 2169, re-enacting the naturalization test of 1790, was adopted; and, there is no reason to doubt, with like intent and meaning."

While the court felt impelled to concede that the words of the Naturalization Act "do not readily yield to exact interpretation," it did not hesitate to summarize the case in these words:

"What we now hold is that the words 'free white

persons' are words of common speech, to be interpreted in accordance with the understanding of the common man, synonymous with the word 'Caucasian' only as that word is popularly understood. As so understood and used, whatever may be the speculations of the ethnologist, it does not include the body of people to whom the appellee belongs. It is a matter of familiar observation and knowledge that the physical group characteristics of the Hindus render them readily distinguishable from the various groups of persons in this country commonly recognized as white. The children of English, French, German, Italian, Scandinavian, and other European parentage, quickly merge into the mass of our population and lose the distinctive hallmarks of their European origin. On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the children born in this country of Hindu parents would retain indefinitely the clear evidence of their ancestry."

The Court here stresses, once more, the mere physical aspects of the problem, and leaves out of consideration higher values—the extraordinary achievements and potentialities of India. It may be that "the physical group characteristics of the Hindu" are not those of the present European peoples, but what of the cultural contributions of the Hindus to the world? In admitting a man to a body politic is the fact that he comes from a country like India which has carried science, art, literature, religion, philosophy to a high degree of development entitled to consideration? Apparently, the Court held the view that American civilization has no need of spiritual values or that such are the close monopoly of only the Europeans.

Moreover, the decision raises some very interesting ethnological questions. What does the court mean by the phrases "European parentage" and "European origin"? Was the greatest French romantic novelist, Alexandre Dumas, the grandson of a black negress, of an European parentage? Is an Anglo-Indian who is three parts English and one part Indian of European parentage? Thackeray was born in Calcutta, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling in Bombay. Are they in the opinion of the Supreme Court of European birth and origin?

It is commonplace of history that there is no such thing as a pure European or white race. Yellow blood and black has deluged Europe so long and to such an enormous extent that it would be impossible to find many, especially in eastern and southeastern Europe, who could rightly be called white.

Presumably half conscious of the moral weakness of its position, the court allowed itself at the end this defensive little aside: "It is very far from our thought to suggest the slightest question of racial superiority or inferiority. What we suggest is merely racial difference, and it is of such character and extent that the great body of our people instinctively recognize it and reject the thought of assimilation." Quite so. Worshippers of the white race can never omit an opportunity to emphasize racial differences, and to enthrone race superiority and human inequality, all hollow pretenses to the contrary notwithstanding. As a matter of fact, almost every line of the decision breathes of narrow race prejudice. Could the judges have shaken themselves free from racial bias, they would have construed the statute as in harmony with the recognized science of ethnology rather than with the mere "common usage" of the crowd, which is usually inflamed with prejudice against Indians. What a pity that the highest court in the greatest democracy of the West should allow unreasoning prejudice to outweigh all other considerations and accept the so-called superiority of the whites as an eternal verity!

Granting that the court is competent to solve the enigma of race, there is no doubt that its interpretation of the statute is strict and narrow to the utmost. Such an interpretation is contrary to the spirit of the founders of the Republic who "sought to justify themselves by the broadest appeal to the equality of human rights." The Revolution, without a question, owed its strength to the principle that "all men are created equal." To be sure there were during the Civil War some who held that "all men" had reference to white men, and to white men alone. Such an interpretation was never seriously accepted by the thinking people of America. "Wise statesmen as they [framers of the Declaration of Independence] were," said Lincoln in his speech at Beardstown, "they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built." After the triumph of the North over the slavery States, Lincoln once more proclaimed at Gettysburg that the American nation is "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Are the classical words of the Declaration of Independence and Gettysburg Address about to be relegated to the scrap heap of history?

It should be noted that the ruling of the Supreme Court is retroactive. All Indians who have been previously admitted to the rights of citizenship will be denaturalized, and their status in the United States will be that of aliens.

The decree of the Court, apart from its humiliating implications, is very far-reaching in its economic consequences. It will bring Indian farm owners and leaseholders in California and other States, where they have anti-alien land laws, within its mandatory provisions. They not only rigidly forbid aliens who are "ineligible to American citizenship" from owning agricultural land, but also from leasing it, even for a single year. They also forbid their purchase of stock in any company or corporation that is entitled to possess or acquire agricultural land. Minor American-born children are denied the right to have their own parents as guardians.[1]

Under the anti-alien land law, it appears from newspaper accounts, steps are already being taken to escheat the Indians of their property, and deprive them of their vested rights in land purchased or leased.

As the Indians will now be dispossessed of their agricultural land, they will be condemned to join the sad army of Americans, who are landless and homeless. Instead of becoming producers of food, they will become competitors against native wage-earners.

According to the most recent available figures there are about 2,000 Indians—chiefly *Sikhs*—residing in California. The land owned by them, at the end of

[1] For the complete text of Alien Land Act in California, which is similar to that of the other States, see Jenks and Lauck's "The Immigration Problem," pp. 567-573. Fifth edition.

1919, amounted to 2,000 acres, and leased land to 86,340 acres. This is a State whose total area of farm land is nearly 28,000,000 acres!

Californians having worked themselves into hysterics affect to see "Hindu invasion" or a "menacing spread of Hindus" in America. In their opinion, Hindus—all Indians go by the general name of Hindus in America—are the "most undesirable" people of the world. Contrast this with the view of Professor Max Müller, who seems to express the considered judgment of everybody except the know-nothings of America:

"If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we, here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans, and of one Semitic race, the Jewish, may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life, not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India."[2]

This is the answer to the critics!

The number of Indians in this country is very small. It is safe to say that in the whole of the United States, which is twice as large as India and with only one-third its population, there cannot be more than 3,000 Indians all told. What loss would this country suffer in naturalizing such a handful of people? What disaster would there be in allowing them the privilege of voting? What danger could there be in throwing open to free competition the natural opportunities for which America is justly famous? "Here in the United States," observes *The Freeman* (New York City), "there is more land to be worked than in Colonial days, and the increase in population, instead of reducing the amount of employment, immensely widens its scope. There is not a right that the foreigner can claim as a member of the human family, the granting of which would not confer an equal benefit on the American workingman. The workers of all countries are the customers and servants of one another, and each profits by the prosperity of all the rest."

The Indian immigration to the United States is comparatively of recent date. Records show that the first Indian immigrants came to America in 1899, and they numbered only fifteen. The high water-mark of Indian immigration was reached in 1910, when 1,782 Indians entered this country. During the same period, the total immigration into America from all other countries amounted to 1,039,788. Since 1910 strenuous steps have been taken to restrict Indians from coming to the United States, and the number admitted has always been very small, usually well under 100.[3] Then in 1917 Congress passed a law placing India within the barred Asian zone, and preventing all but students, merchants and travelers from entering.[4] The present decision of the Supreme Court completes the drama. It not only denies the right of the Indians, who are here, to become American citizens; but it even denaturalizes those who have already been legally admitted to citizenship.

It is, of course, much to be regretted that the United States should have seen fit to adopt such a harsh and drastic policy toward India. The general impression in informed circles is that the action of this country was largely inspired by that of her neighbor, Canada. That British colony is as much a part of the British empire as India. And yet what is the policy of Canada toward India?

The Dominion government has taken most rigid means of excluding the people of India from coming to the Colony: "First, by increasing the amount of money that they should have in their possession from $25 to $200 (Rs 75 to Rs 600); second, by not permitting them to come unless they came direct by direct route without change of ship, a matter that is almost impossible; third, in part also, by direct arrangements with the steamship companies."

The fact is that the natives of Canada deliberately discriminate against the Hindustanese as an alien people. Take the case of the Japanese. While the aim of the Canadian authorities is to exclude the Indians altogether, they have made an agreement with the Japanese government which allows it to send to Canada 400 Japanese immigrants in any one year. Again, a Japanese who has in his possession only $50 can land in Canada, but an Indian must have at least $200. Isn't it grand and glorious to be a subject of the British "commonwealth"?

Japanese are now indignant that the Supreme Court of the United States should deny their nationals the right to American citizenship. In hot protest writes *Yorodzu*:

"The decision of the American Supreme Court, however, must not end the question of securing citizenship for the Japanese residents in America. Now that it has clearly defined the position of the Japanese in reference to the American naturalization laws, new efforts must be directed to its acquisition by really effective methods; that is to say, the Japanese must try to acquire the right, either by a revision of the laws or by concluding a treaty of naturalization with America."

What will India do? Here is a question of naturalization which is decided, to the unspeakable injury of Indians, crudely and baldly along the line of skin color. The decree of the Supreme Court, based as it is on narrow-minded racial distinctions, is irrational. It inflicts on Indians shame and humiliation. What does the government of the viceroy propose to do to remove the disgrace?

SUDHINDRA BOSE,
Lecturer in Oriental Politics, State University of Iowa.

[2] "India: What Can It Teach Us," p. 24.
[3] See the author's "Exclusion of the Indians from America" in *The Modern Review*, June, 1914, pp. 624-628.
[4] Consult the writer's article "Asian Immigration in the United States," *The Modern Review*, May, 1919, pp. 521-526.

THE STUDY TABLE

"Ann Severn and the Fieldings"

In this day when writers splash sex broadcast and with the lavish originality of the futurist artists, it is a relief to come upon one writer who splashes intelligently and leaves, at least, a clear impression upon the readers' minds.

Some day, from out this wild sowing of sex, we are going to get a normal harvest and be able to relegate sex where it belongs with its proper label attached.

In May Sinclair's latest book, "Ann Severn and the Fieldings," we have a sex novel, but cleanliness and beauty have been preserved. From start to finish we are conscious of the inevitability of what occurs, but the characters deal with the situation humanly and while we wonder, as we often do in real life, at the cost of experience, we acknowledge that the experience has been lived.

Ann Severn does not sternly deny the senses nor the appeal, but she accepts without the sickening fall that is the fate of most heroines who follow the line of least resistance.

As a child Ann Severn gives all the promise that the older Ann artistically fulfills. Loving, loyal, sweet and merry, she counts not the cost where her affections are engaged.

The three Fielding boys, too, are splendidly drawn characters and each is true to his type in later life. Acting and reacting upon each other, these four young people, and two or three others who naturally enter in, weave the subtle story of love, passion and suffering.

The mother of the Fielding boys is a rare portrayal of the un-moral moral woman. Keeping to the obvious paths of virtue, she yet contrives to work evil by her selfishness and weakness.

This is a book in a class that should not be analyzed until read. No mere synopsis could do it justice: no one opinion be of any value. Like all Miss Sinclair's work it is beautifully done and delicately suggestive.

If there is truth in the psycho-analysis being taught today, then the frank outgiving of desires, as Miss Sinclair describes, makes for easier going for the next generation.

If suppression and renunciation do not make for strength, as the older order taught, then the simple gratification may achieve success.

But viewed from either standpoint Ann Severn and the Fieldings are left to us, by Miss Sinclair's magic, dear, human, lovable folk.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE

Educational Progress in Japan

Editor UNITY:

Two remarkable forward steps in Education have been lately taken in Japan, both on the initiative of the Women's Peace Society of Japan, in which Madame Hideko Inouye, dean of the Women's University, and Madame Yukio Ozaki, wife of the distinguished pacifist, the former mayor of Tokyo, have been prominent.

The first of these consists in reducing the number of Chinese ideographs in use in the textbooks of the lower grades to 1360, instead of the 3000 to 4000 commonly employed. Foreign names are spelled in "KataKana," a shorthand system, replacing the unreadable Chinese characters in which names like Washington, Lincoln and even Lloyd George can hardly be made intelligible. In the interest of more realistic ideas, many more maps and pictures have been introduced.

The greatest advance is, however, in the transformation of "the National Reader" and the history taught in the sixth grade. Everything tending to exalt militarism and war-glory, and everything intended to induce suspicion and hatred of foreign nations has been drastically cut out. These "give way to friendly and peaceful topics intending to cultivate in the pupil a true though simple, international understanding and humanitarian sentiment." According to Mr. Taira Shidehara, librarian under Baron Kamada, of the Department of Education, "where a noted general was eulogized for his success in battle, he is, if possible, now placed before the pupils in the new form as showing some great trait of character which enabled him to gain success."

"The National Reader" is a collection of stories of great men, chiefly national heroes, with a few foreigners, Florence Nightingale for example, who have attracted world notice. In the new edition the life stories of about 400 men are given, among them many from other lands, not always the greatest, but few of them in the least military. Moral lessons are drawn from each, "largely of unflinching endeavor." Thus, "the persistence of Washington in striving for success, that of Lincoln in seeking an education, that of Edison in perfecting his ambitions, of Marconi in working on wireless telegraphy and Watt in creating the first steam engine form lessons designed to inoculate ambition. Other lessons are drawn also—Washington's sense of fair play, Lincoln's sense of equality, and Edison's refusal to quit with one success being among them."

Japanese heroes are treated in the same way. "Shoin Yoshida, who was executed by the Tokugawas for preaching loyalty to the throne is praised for his work for education and for devotion to the Imperial family. Kakiemon, the porcelain painter, is praised for his persistence in painting persimmons until he made them seem real."

The Washington Conference is praised as quieting all fears of Japan and insuring peace in the Pacific, two immense boons usually overlooked or undervalued by our friends of the Atlantic seaboard.

Mr. Shidehara continues: "I think that the result will be that our children will be able tolearn quicker and better. They will also grow up with a wider knowledge of and a greater friendship for the peoples of other nations. Our change, though abrupt, is in keeping with the spirit of the times throughout the world and I trust that we will be able to carry these ideas still farther."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal.

Boy! Page Dr. Doan!

Editor of UNITY:

I was deeply interested in Dr. Doan's article, "Wanted—a Great Man," but I believe his position to be fundamentally wrong. I am all the more surprised because at one time Dr. Doan called himself a "psychoanalyst," a man whose motto should be, "The truth and the whole truth at any price."

I do not believe it can do aught but good to know the whole truth concerning the historical characters we admire. We have had too much over-idealizing of the characters of history. As Prof. Soares said recently, "No nation has ever told the truth to its children. Every nation has brought up its children on lies for the sake of patriotism."

This is a course that invariably and inevitably fails of its object. What does it mean to the growing boy that "George Washington never told a lie," or that "he was the greatest general who ever lived"? These superhuman qualities set him off from the rest of humankind as the boy experiences it. He feels, and rightly, that such a superhuman character, set on a pedestal for the ages to admire, can have no relationship to his own life. But it is heartening to know that George Washington and Abraham Lincoln had human faults, and that they were great in spite of these or that these were the "defects of their qualities." If these men succeeded in spite of human failings, so may we.

One of the most thrilling chapters I have ever read is Strachey's account of Florence Nightingale in his Eminent Victorians. I staid up nights to read it. The "Lady with the Lamp" might be an angel of mercy, but she was beyond my ken. But to learn of this slender woman, who by sheer power of will, through invective, and indomitable courage, set a whole administration by the ears and built the hospital at Scutari by

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

1918 READERS OF "UNITY," ATTENTION!

The five issues of UNITY forbidden the mails under the Espionage Act in 1918, were sometime ago sent to all subscribers where present addresses were known. The papers had been wrapped ready for mailing and at the solicitation of Mr. Jones permit was obtained to have them placed in a closet at Lincoln Centre, under seal. The sealing was not well done and much dust sifted in upon them. It was necessary before sending them out to revise the mailing list, sort the papers and readdress them. In case these issues have not reached their destination, copies are still available and those wishing them are urged to write for them *now*.

BLACK OR RED?

[We reprint herewith an editorial from the March issue of *Co-operation*. We have seen no better statement anywhere of the real facts of the Italian situation. Brigandage, under the guise of government, is what rules in Italy to-day.—J. H. H.]

Washington has recognized the government of the black-shirted Fascisti, a government seized and held by force.

Red Russia is still without the pale of United States recognition.

The difference—is it force, violation of constitutional methods? Not at all.

The wrath of the Red revolutionists fell upon the upholders of privilege and power, supporters of the Dead Past. The wrath of the Black revolutionists fell upon the workers and educators, leaders of the New Society. The victims of the Reds were the landlords, the profit-makers, and the aristocracy; of the Blacks, the co-operative societies, labor temples, and radical publishing plants.

Bloody red has the spectacle of Russia's devastation been pictured to us. But so dark and murky is the trail of the Fascisti that many of us in the United States cannot discern the effects of Black revolution.

New reports of Fascisti force and terror have just reached the Co-operative League, results of an inquiry of a committee of the International Co-operative Alliance recently sent to Italy.

Says the man on the spot: "I could have spent many weeks, even months, in Italy, paying daily visits to the premises of Co-operative Societies which had been either pillaged or set on fire. So far as I could discern none of these crimes has been punished, no indemnity paid to societies damaged."

A typically wanton act was the destruction of the headquarters of the Federation of Co-operative Societies of Romagna, the Rasponi palace at Ravenna. This was a famous old palace inhabited by Lord Byron in 1819. When the Co-operators purchased it in 1918 they were so conscious of their duties of preserving and improving the historic place, full of works of art, that they appropriated 50,000 lire from the surplus savings of their co-operative society and entrusted Guerrini, a well-known painter, with the task of decorating the council hall of the administration with allegorical frescoes representing the triumph of science and co-operative agriculture over the adverse forces of Nature, such as malaria, marshes,—

The work was just completed when, without warning, one night in July the building was broken into by a band of Fascisti armed with revolvers, hand bombs, and cans of petrol, and the palace and the works of the Co-operators were totally destroyed by fire. The damage to the actual property has been estimated by experts to be 11,200,000 lire; the historic and artistic damage is beyond appraisal.

The authors of these crimes enjoy complete freedom from prosecution. The report continues:

"When I exclaimed to our Italian friends, 'But what is the government doing in the face of all this?' they replied, 'There is no government in Italy.' 'What about the courts?' They answered, 'The magistrates either connive at the acts of the Fascisti or do not dare to oppose them. You know it is the private financial interests, seeking to destroy the growth of the workers' movement, who are acting under this political and nationalistic mask of Fascism. For instance, the majority of grocers in Magenta are Fascists.'"

"This is what happened there. On the night of July 23d five motor lorries with hundreds of masked armed men dashed up to the People's House in Magenta,

---

hiring two hundred workmen when the others had struck, carrying the thing to completion after Sir William Herbert had signally failed—this was to be thrilled indeed! She could not have been pleasant to live with—no! but she became a world figure glowing with human colors, not all of bright hue, under Strachey's able pen. I felt as if I had known her.

It was thus with Victoria. Victoria, "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith," etc., never meant much to me. But a harassed woman who had perhaps just missed happiness and whose mental horizon was somewhat circumscribed by virtue of her rearing and constitutional limitations—this made her a living figure.

What makes the "Education of Henry Adams" a great book? He told the whole truth about himself, extenuating nothing.

No, let us get away from the silly sentimentalism that can see no fault in great personages. Let us get down to the truth of their lives. They are secure in our affections, and as Soares says, "How can our children avoid the mistakes of the past unless they fully know all about those mistakes?"

Sincerely,

WALTER S. SWISHER.

Editor of UNITY:

There are many good articles in UNITY, but in the main I cannot feel that the writers have any conception of what is happening and what is going to happen, and why. Doan's article, "Wanted—a Great Man," for instance, is doubtless meant all right. But, in the first place, he retails more scandals about the great than I have ever seen in equal space. In the second place he justifies what the "Sons of the Am. Revolution" and other boob patro-maniac societies are trying to put over in our schools, that history is to be used not to teach the facts, but to sustain our fetiches, and in the third place he ignores the patent truth that it is the very people who carry their "appreciation" of Jesus, and other worthies to the point of worship who are the worst enemies of progress in both church and state. And finally, he misses altogether the fact that what the world needs is *understanding* of the laws of social progress and not a new Pope, or Woodrow Wilson to lead them into another ditch. Really his article depressed me, and I wondered that a man who had sense enough to write as he writes didn't have more sense. Perhaps I speak impatiently, but I am sick of "moonings" in place of the quest for meanings.

Heartily yours,

R. W.

The Divinity of Jesus

Editor of UNITY:

I cannot refrain from protesting against the stand which you have recently taken in UNITY in regard to Reverend Grant's views concerning the divinity of Jesus.

That the Church has for 1900 years led the world too far afield from the human experience of Jesus as applied to the social order, is a regrettable fact, but that the present tendency to humanize Christianity and make it function in the matter of daily existence should necessitate taking divinity from the divine, is not only regrettable but dangerous. Surely there is already little enough that is holy left in the world. All the arts have been desecrated, the marriage vow and the home are a joke and a byword, the very creations of God have been defiled and destroyed by the hideousness of our civilization. Must we now bring Christ down from the cross, rob Him of His divinity and take from men the last atom of faith on which they stand?

It would seem to me, though the churches divide upon this matter as they have upon the Trinity, the communion, the Sabbath Day, etc., since our time began, that UNITY has a higher mission to fulfill than to take up these orthodox issues. I have admired your periodical for its constructive rather than destructive policy—fearless to aim a blow where a blow was needed to build a more perfect structure, but there are some things which cannot be torn down if the building is to stand at all.

"Freedom, fellowship and character in religion"—but *not* at the expense of that faith in the divine, which alone can hold men to a dream of something higher in this deadly material age. For in spite of the social Utopia which the applied doctrines of Jesus, the man, would make possible here, it is upon His *divinity* that the salvation of the world must finally rest.

With best wishes I am Sincerely yours,

Escondido, California. W. M. BOWER.

laid about them with their clubs, half killed everyone, appropriated 5,000 lire of the co-operative bakery, and a hundred lire, the savings of the small daughter of the manager; tried to set fire to the building, then drove on and pillaged and destroyed the three branch depots of the Magenta Co-operative Society. The manager of the Co-operative was driven out of the town and forbidden to return under pain of death. The members, however, put up a solid resistance. For weeks, until they could roughly repair and replenish their stores, they bought nothing from the private merchants of Magenta. Their provisions were sent directly to them from the Milan Co-operative Society."

"But this is really civil war!" I said, commenting on these outrages.

"No, it is not civil war," our Italian friends replied. "Co-operators know it would mean the ruin of Italy if we met violence with violence. We do not wish war between Italians any more than war with other peoples. *It is a question of endurance.* This is a situation which may take several years to surmount. If we but maintain the life of our co-operatives during this difficult period, Co-operation will resume its forward march."

These Co-operators are wise indeed. But what kind of people are we who refuse recognition to the Reds of Russia, yet countenance the recognition of the Black government of Italy, which Italians themselves say "Is no government"!

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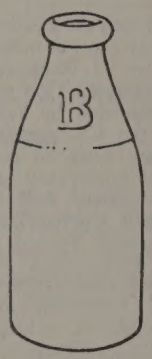

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